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VENUS INFERS



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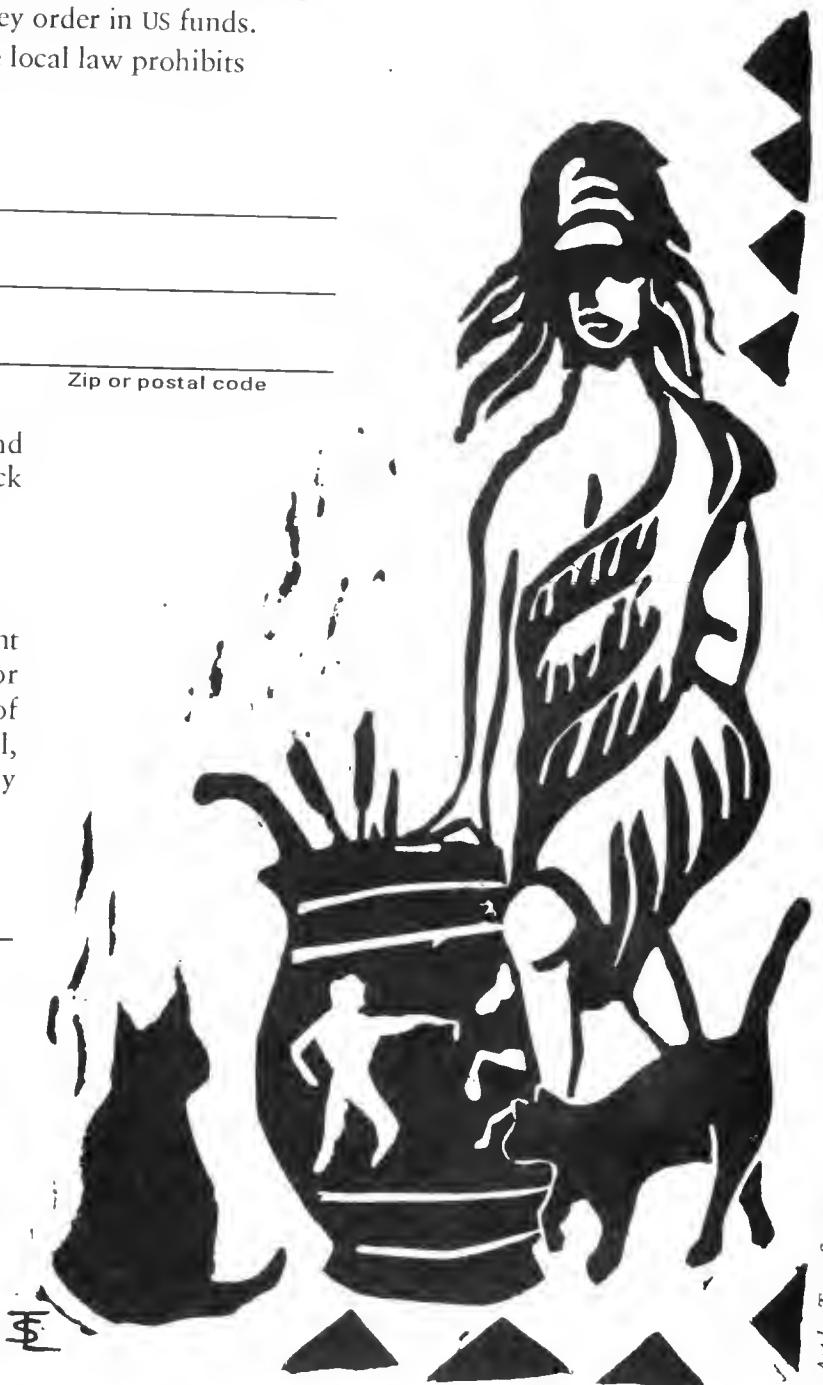


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Venus Infer

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Submissions

We welcome work from all women who do S/M with other women. Contributors' guidelines are available upon request with SASE. We are not responsible for unsolicited material sent without sufficient return postage. Allow 6-8 weeks for a response.

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Venus Infer

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Bitches Rule (Again): Letters from our Libidinous Readers

Dear Goddamn Esoteric Perverts:

OK, I'll bite. What the hell is ball dancing? This activity is mentioned in the Newsrack on page 19 of your first issue. Is this an exotic form of scrotal folk art? A Uri Geller-type trick performed with a child's toy? You got me scratchin'.

—Curious in Columbus, OH

Dear Curious: Ball dancing is a temporary piercing ritual performed for hundreds of years in India and recently recreated here by some Modern Primitives. Bells, fruit, wooden balls, shells, or other objects are sewn onto the skin of the back, torso, arms, or legs. Then people twirl, dance, leap, and otherwise strive to reach an exalted state of transcendental awareness.

—VI

Dear VI:

I quit my dysfunctional job to read your first issue. (Well, that was not exactly the reason...) I like the magazine. Thanks, Pat, for your death-defying stance on let me count the ways that we can hamstring ourselves, otherwise entitled *Who Is My Sister?* If only we were paid for the amount of time we leatherdykes spend on discussing such issues. No, better yet, if only we would play as much as we discuss these issues. Telling what's true for each of us is so often a difficult task.

Loved your interview with Daddy Skeeter and Boy Jamie (but then again, I love them both). Also, got very turned on by April Miller's (no relation) *Butch Baiting*. The photo spreads by MichaelAdrienne and Erika were hot. Will we see more of Terry Sapp's work?

—Debra Miller

Dear Debra: Thanks for the comments and praise. Terry is taking a sabbatical after this issue, but we will continue to bound her until she agrees to return and mark up our pages once again.—VI

Dear Venereal Girls:

I suppose the cheers have been so loud, you are now bored by accolades. Nevertheless—the mag is great!

Thanks for your ongoing efforts and accomplishments. I find I dance on the edge of the lesbian leather S/M community, and I really appreciate how often I feel invited inside by you all.

—K.W.

Dear K.W.: We're the inviting sort. Thanks for noticing.—VI

Dear Venusians:

I loved the first issue. Pat's article *Who Is My Sister?* was smashing. I personally have old baggage surrounding FTM issues. But just logically, if someone wishes to be male-identified, they would no longer be woman-identified. On the other hand, an MTF is now female-identified. If she is post-op, why should she be prevented from going to womyn-only events? At this point, her body, her hormones, and her energy is female. Only a chromosome test could possibly say otherwise. I can understand excluding pre-op MTFs as some who go to womyn-only events have issues around the male body.

Anyway, the articles were hot, loved them all. The photos were enough to drool over. I think my favorite was *Our Lady of Pain*, probably because a scene of this style is in my fantasies. Keep on coming!

—Cyndi

Dear Cyndi: As soon as this goes to the printer, we intend to do little else.—VI

An open letter to the readers of *Venus Inferi*:

I have always appreciated Pat Califia's outspokenness on behalf of transgendered people and other stigmatized identities and practices in the queer community. As a bisexual MTF I have enjoyed her openness and hospitality at "Sluts for Sensation" parties. I was disappointed, though, to hear that she had decided to attend Powersurge in 1994, and that she thinks "it would be very wrong to boycott Powersurge." I disagree strongly.

Califia's decision helps perpetuate the idea that the concerns of transsexual women are not as valid or legitimate as the concerns of non-transsexual women.

When are we as a community of women who love women going to abandon the practice of saying that some injustices are more unjust than others? Who says the needs of transsexual leatherdykes are by definition less important than the opinions of non-transsexual leatherdykes? Haven't we learned anything from the past quarter-century of debate about diversity issues in the women's community?

If you're a non-transsexual leatherdyke who really wants to do the right thing about Powersurge, stay home—don't give the bigots an opportunity to put their ideas into action. Call or write the organizers and tell them why you're not coming. Tell them that you would come if they changed the policy. Support a boycott. Put your energy into building up spaces that truly respect diversity among women.

As for us transsexual women—what are we going to do about the fact that some nons are once again trying to treat us like shit?

—Susan Stryker

Keep on talking to us. Tell us what you want! Address letters to *Venus Inferi*, Attention: Letters, 2215-R Market St., Suite 294, San Francisco, CA 94114. Specify if you want your letter to appear with your whole name or merely your initials. We reserve the right to edit your epistle for length.

From Issue No. 1...

Sins of Omission

The illustration on page 13 should have been credited to Nicola Ginzler.

The photo on page 15 should have been credited to MichaelAdrienne.

Sins of Commission

On page 38, Boy Jamie refers to Daddy Skeeter's "wonderful waller." Although we're sure Skeeter's waller (British slang for "dick") is absolutely smashing, this was a typo. The word should have been "wallet." Now we know what boys really like.

The telephone number on page 46 for the *Back Door for Women* should be 415/756-8426.

The graphic on page 47 is by Kristin Handler, not Kristin (smear).



Where's a Good Novice to Go?

by JaMi C.

Tired of reading filthy fiction and looking lustfully at you leather girls in the bars, I'm thinking way too much about whether I should grab one of your tough little asses or forget about you altogether. I've looked you square in the eye walking down the street. I've positioned myself strategically near you at the Café, at Paula's Clubhouse on Queer Video night, at the Folsom Street Fair. I've stared at your handsome profiles while purportedly listening to the latest lecture at the Women's Building. It's time you started looking back. Yes, you.

For years, I've been attempting to convince my dyke friends that ideally, S/M play creates one of the safest sexual environments possible. I've explained that boundaries are prenegotiated, that communication is emphasized, that desire and fantasy determine activity rather than what is determined "fair" or "appropriate" by the "considerate" partner. In the instances where I have had the opportunity to negotiate power dynamics, I've felt more confident about asking for what I want, and have been more apt to get it. I'm pretty fed up listening to these same friends tell me that no one

really wants that, or that I offend their sensibilities by talking about exactly what gets me going. They debate the healthfulness of S/M power dynamics. My usual response is, "Don't make assumptions about something that is foreign to you." Yet I wonder how familiar I am with what goes on for those of you involved more regularly, and more seriously, in S/M play. And how will I ever find out?

I recently confided in a very approachable friend in the leather community. I listed my questions and sexual habits/fantasies for her. Where do I stand? Am I a top? Am I a bottom? Am I nuts? Am I truly perverted enough to qualify as a bona fide member of the leather community? After talking with me for about fifteen minutes and kindly providing me with a ride home, she told me I was a novice. That wasn't what I wanted to hear, but I guess it's a start.

She patiently explained to me that I could begin to circulate by going to leather events, and looking for a good top to show me the ropes. She warned me that there would probably be a lot of chores. I can deal with that: every education has its price. I realized though that this might not be as easy as it sounded at first. I'm the only one of my friends perverted enough to begin conversation about turning fantasy into reality in the first place, and I'll be damned if I am about to show up alone at the Eagle to look for my mentor on a Sunday afternoon. I think I could use an accomplice.

Lone novice seeks accomplice

Yeah, I've read *Coming to Power* and many other classics of S/M literature. I've spent many an afternoon (quite unintentionally) shocking my friends with my comfort level while perusing the newest toys and clamps at Stormy Leather, jingling the belts

at Worn Out West, having suspenders fitted at Image Leather. I read *The Leatherman's Handbook* while my friends are looking at massage oil at Good Vibrations. I know who the hell John Preston is. Where are my friends when I need help zipping up the inside of that hot pair of chaps? They're there. Where are they when I need some help tugging on the chain of those Japanese "sewing" clamps that are so beautiful, and functional, too?

They're there. But who is there when I'm looking for some serious play? Hmm.

Lovers change the subject, tell me I've got a vivid imagination.

Funny how people chicken out when fantasy gets a chance to materialize into "real" life, if only for a night...

**Funny
how people
chicken out when
fantasy gets a chance
to materialize into
"real life," if only
for a night.**

I'm sure more experienced leather dykes get frustrated watching all the pretty suburbanites in their expensive leatherwear that will remain unused for the duration, but some of us are not in disguise. If you really want to know who's serious, why not slink over and introduce yourself?

Talk to us. Say hello.

Boygirls and girlgirls, a word of encouragement: If you're looking to get some attention and share some of that useful experience you've been accumulating, talk to us. Say hello. Tell me how you think I look when I wear my leather suspenders and a white T-shirt. Ask me if I'm enjoying that issue of *Wicked Women/Quim/Hothead Paisan/Venus Inferi* I'm devouring at A Different Light's magazine rack. Tell me you've seen me around. Ask me what I thought of the lecture. Ask not only what your novices can do for you, but what you can do for your novices! After all, you might get your boots shined, at the very least.

Lucky

Fiction and Art by Terry Sapp

THE JARRING RING OF THE TELEPHONE stirred awake the sleeping pile of laundry. A hand emerged from the mound of socks and groped for the receiver. "...Uhhh... 'lo?"

"Nicholas? Is that you? Were you sleeping?"

Oh man, thought Nick, must've hit the goddamn snooze. "No Ma'am! I'm wide awake Ma'am! Good morning!"

"Nicholas, dear, it's almost five-thirty. In the evening."

Shit... Must've hit it more than once....

"Terribly sorry, Ma'am. I seem to have briefly dozed."

"Yes, I'm sure. In any case, I have some important instructions regarding this evening. Shake those cobwebs out and listen very carefully. I expect no difficulties this time. Do I make myself clear, Nicholas?"

"Perfectly clear, Ma'am. No problems."

"I want you to pick up my escort first. Frederick has the address. Master Dylan is her proper title and she is expecting you at six-thirty. Arrive at my doorstep at seven sharp."

The last sentence sent a shiver down Nick's spine, and the boy's mind wandered. The Madame had several obsessions—punctuality being in the forefront. Time was Madame Z's religion. Tardiness was considered sacrilege of the holy doctrine and sinners were seldom forgiven. Every clock and watch in the estate was synchronized daily to her timepiece. Nick had a problem with that. But then, Nick had a problem with a lot of things.

Madame Z had a second obsession: discipline. She considered herself to be a fair and just authoritarian. Most of the servants thought that her punishments were a bit harsh, but none felt like sharing this opinion too loudly. The Madame personally delivered a blow for every minute of lateness. It was no wonder that the manor was always bustling—no one dared risk more than a five-minute penalty. Frederick, the houseboy, held the current record of the estate. She was reportedly forty-six minutes late to a dinner party where she had been scheduled to work the first shift. She blamed Nick, who had a perverse fondness for tampering with the clocks.

Then, of course, Nick mused, there was that one time when I forgot about daylight savings. Nick thanked the Goddess every morning for the radio announcer's reminder. Otherwise, the results... the back of Nick's neck tingled....

"...And I want you in your dress leathers. Did you get all that?"

Nick's head snapped to attention.

"Of course, Ma'am. Dress leathers," she answered mechanically, secretly perturbed that her masochistic fantasy was interrupted. As usual, Madame Z's instructions filtered into Nick's cranial cavity via the left ear only to swiftly exit through the right.

"Oh... one more thing. You *did* get a haircut, as I asked?"

Ooooooooo! Nick thought she was going to burst. *You bitch!* She sent a telepathic "fuck you" through the wires.

"Clean-shaven as requested, Ma'am," a sour voice responded.

"Good. See you at seven."

"Yes, Ma'am. Seven." Nick stormed about the room in her jockeys, kicking the piles of neglected laundry and stacks of back-issue porn rags. She slid into the shower and let the water stream over her face, pouting as she shampooed her scalp and ran her fingers through her imaginary mohawk. Her punk haircut had been the last tie to the outside world, and now that too was gone.

"God... has it been three months?" Nick wondered aloud. It seemed like ages ago since she hung out in the seedy bars, preying on the fresh chicken-meat who stumbled in accidentally, taking home drunk faggots who probably never even realized that the meat that plowed them that night was 100% American-made silicon. This sport was now a thing of the past—things were very different at the estate.

Alcohol wasn't permitted in the servants' quarters, and cigarette smoking was strictly off limits by all. There were no boys to play with or dykes to flirt amongst. Her days consisted of obedience and service to the Madame of the house. She complained constantly to the other servants that her predicament was a miserable one, but they knew better. Anyone on the staff could leave at any time. Few did.



Art by Terry Sapp

She dried off in the mirror, pausing to admire her physique. Nick wasn't a particularly large dyke. In fact, Nick was rather short by anyone's standards, but only a fool or a true masochist (or both) would ever point this out within hearing distance. Nick was a giant in her own mind... a portrait of "bulldagger"... the butchest of butches. The gardener once remarked that the only thing bigger than Nick's bulge was her ego. And rumor had it that the gardener would certainly be an authority on Nick's crotch.

This particular evening, Nick decided to pack her larger dick. After all, she only had to stand up a few times to open the limousine doors.

Being a chauffeur had its benefits to a lazy boy like Nicholas.

As she squeezed into her best skins, she tried to remember all of the specifications for the evening.

“Shit!”

The clock read a quarter past six, and she had only fifteen minutes to get ready and make it to Master Dylan’s.

There were certain inexplicable phenomena that plagued Nick’s being—it was simply a law of nature that she could *never* button a shirt correctly on the first try. She fumbled with the buttons, grabbed her cap and gloves, and sprinted down the hall to the driveway where the limo sat ready. The remaining servants shook their heads as they listened to Nick’s curses echoing down the entire length of the hallway.

Frederick was leaning against the limo, smirking, and waving the address of Nick’s first destination. The two stood too close for each other’s comfort. Both growled. Frederick was a handsome boy-chick, and the pet favorite of the staff. Her build was even smaller than Nick’s, and she always seemed to arouse everyone’s pity when she was on the receiving end of the Madame’s cane.

“A touch late, aren’t we?” sweetly mocked Frederick with her soft English accent.

“Fuck off, Freddie boy. Gimme the address.”

The boy stiffened. “I haven’t forgotten about last time, Nick-o-lus.”

“I say,” roared Nick, trying out a very poor imitation, “is your bum still a bit sore?”

The boy’s nostrils flared. The two butch dykes had been at war since they had arrived at the manor. The staff whispered in the kitchen that the two were secretly lovers. Those rumors... it seemed so unlikely! But there’s a fine line between love and hate, and Nick and Frederick perpetually walked it like a tightrope.

Frederick’s last stunt, for instance, sent a dozen pigeons to do their dirty work on the newly washed limo. “*The houseboy did it*” seemed to work for everyone else, but the Madame knew that even if it wasn’t Nick’s fault this time, there must have been other times she had missed. Once Nick had recuperated from the consequences, she reset Frederick’s clock and the poor boy overslept by a good half-hour. The audacity of this last bit of mischief made everyone uneasy, especially when Frederick’s cries could be heard throughout the servants’ quarters. Apparently, the Madame’s soundproof room... wasn’t. And despite Frederick’s subsequent claims of an old rugby injury, the entire staff knew damn well why she was sitting in such an unusual manner.

So right now, Frederick saw no logical reason to give Nick the address. After all, the only thing each of them enjoyed more than her own chastisement was to watch the other’s.



**Nick kept her eyes
on the road and her
hand on her dick.**

The mêlée didn't last long, however. One well-placed kick to Frederick's already bruised keister and Nick was on her way, address safely in hand.

By the time she reached Master Dylan's porch, she had already conjured up six different lateness excuses. It was ten before the hour and there was no sign of the escort. After leaning on the horn a few times, a very tall and lanky gentleman stumbled out to the car, shoes in one hand and bow-tie in the other, her shirt sporting something resembling one of Nick's finer buttoning jobs. The cocky chauffeur did little to hide her smirk. Nick, for once, was unconcerned with her own fate, and just hoped she was going to get to watch the Madame with this one. Tires squealed as she pulled out onto the road.

Miraculously, they arrived at the manor on time. Well, perhaps it wasn't a miracle—Nick ran three red lights and did fifty on the side streets. But as they pulled up to the house, the limo clock read exactly seven. Nick had been treating it like a race... would the escort be dressed and ready in time? She checked Dylan in the rearview mirror. Tie impeccably in place. Shirt rebuttoned. Nick was deeply impressed. Finally, another butch who could pull things together at the last minute... and get away with it!

Well, almost. Dylan's shoes were still untied. As Madame Z settled herself in the car, her lips curved in what was not quite a smile as she flicked her eyes downward.

"Trouble with your laces, dear?" she inquired sweetly.

Hmmmm... Nick thought... perhaps I am the last of the lucky boys, and pulled the limo out onto the street.

■

On the way to the restaurant, Nick listened to the intense conversation that was taking place in the back seat. The Madame was interrogating Master Dylan about her past evening and demanded to know what her dinner escort expected tonight. Nick kept her eyes on the road and her hand on her dick. Master Dylan was quite a twisted gentleman, and the chauffeur found the prospect of her evening's work appealing, to say the least.

The Madame was a regular at this dinner establishment. At the entrance to the restaurant, Nick hopped out to get the door for her passengers. In accordance with the standard routine, she was expected to eat her dinner in the garage and wait for her beeper to sound. This was the signal that the dinner party was ready to leave. Then the evening would really get started.

Madame Z turned before Nick could close the door.

"Remember, Nicholas," she warned, "behave yourself tonight."

Nick tipped her hat and politely confirmed that she would. She kicked closed the limo door and flipped off the dinner party, now safely out of sight.

Nick pulled the limo into the garage, and the valet brought down Nick's dinner in a brown paper bag.

"Evening, Nicholas. Got your favorite tonight, lad."

"Chicken?"

"But of course. Enjoy."

Nick put her dinner on the floor of the car. The limo roared out of the garage and Nick started on another boy's night out.

She headed for the Tenderloin, San Francisco's redlight district. Although she had no real interest in the drag queens, she loved to windowshop the female hookers. She had made a sport of dissing the local walkers and most of the hustlers made rude gestures when they saw the familiar limo pull around the corner.

"Oooooooooo..." Nick tapped the brakes lightly.
"She's new."

She was the most beautiful hustler Nick had ever seen.

"Aw... what the hell!" Nick rifled through her pockets.
"Damn, don't have much cash on me."

Male genitalia or not, Nick wanted this one bad. She rolled down the window.

"Need a ride, sweetheart? I got, uh, five bucks..."

Up close, the streetwalker was absolutely stunning. She turned her head to check out the voice behind the window and glared at Nick's indistinct form in the dark interior of the limo. Nick recognized the look in her eyes—this was no drag queen; this diva was a dyke!

"Fuck off, you straight asshole!" the girl sneered, and started down the block again.

"Hey!" Nick was insulted. "I am *not* straight!"

The girl was amused. She turned and approached the limo.



Art by Terry Sapp

"I don't usually do charity, but... what's your name, cowboy?"

"Some call me Nick."

"And what do the others call you?"

Nick smirked. This one was a wit.

"I dunno. It's hard to tell when their mouths are full. You can call me John."

"Pig." She opened the passenger side door and slipped in next to Nick.

What a score, Nick thought. Visions danced in her head of forcing this girl down in the back... pulling down her panties and planting her sweet round ass over her own leather-clad legs. Nick

wanted to spank her raw and fuck her until the limo rocked halfway home. Nick grabbed her own crotch and squeezed her bulge. The woman was busy digging in her purse, and Nick decided it was her duty to be suave and annoying.

“Don’t worry about your makeup, baby. I plan on mussing you up anyway.”

“I’m not getting my compact, fool. I’m looking for these.” And with that, she snapped one half of a set of handcuffs on Nick’s right hand and the other on the wheel. Steering was not Nick’s immediate concern, however. Removing this trick’s clothing, she realized, was going to be significantly more difficult.

Without another word, the resourceful passenger began undoing Nick’s necktie.

“Oh yeah, baby, that’s more like it. I’ll pull into this lot over here, you uncuff me, and we’ll both get naked.”

She looked unimpressed.

“Like hell we will.” She snapped a blade open just under Nick’s chin. “Just keep driving and don’t even fucking *think* of taking your hands off the wheel. I’m only undressing you for practical purposes....”

She took Nick’s tie and tied it around the driver’s mouth.

“There’s no way I’m going to listen to your smart-ass commentary all night,” she lectured coldly.

Nick did not like gags, but it didn’t look like she had much of a choice. The limo entered the freeway and the woman worked on Nick’s zipper. The stranger didn’t seem to be the least bit surprised to find Nick’s large dick. She slid a condom down over the shaft and worked her mouth on the hard cock, just below Nick’s field of vision.

Nick gripped the wheel tighter than ever. This was unfair! *She* was supposed to be running this fuck! This was not the plan. No, this was not the plan at all. The stranger was pleasing herself at Nick’s expense, and Nick wasn’t even able to get herself off. She began squirming in the seat in a feeble attempt to rub her clit against the base of the dildo. But her passenger was wise to it. She pulled the dick out of Nick’s pants and tossed it onto the floor.

It wasn’t until then that Nick realized how incredibly wet she had become. She found herself pressing harder and harder on the accelerator. The mysterious guest pretended not to notice, and busied herself with trimming her nails. Nick felt like she’d had to wait forever before those slender gloved fingers began working their way into her swollen cunt. The limousine’s windows were steaming up, and the closer Nick came to orgasm, the closer the limo came to breaking the sound barrier. The woman’s arm pumped furiously, Nick slammed her hips against the seatbelt, and both were breathing so heavily that neither noticed the flashing blue lights in the rearview mirror. Nick finally came... and at a top speed of 89 miles per hour.

Panic rose suddenly in both their eyes. Sex roles vanished as the passenger quickly undid the handcuffs. Nick slid the gag off her mouth as the hustler pulled up her leathers for her.

The California Highway Patrol officer tapped on the window. Nick, still out of breath, feebly handed over her license and registration and nonchalantly asked if there was a problem. The Goddess was smiling favorably on Nick that night—the officer was a dyke. One look at the condition of the limo’s inhabitants, the dildo on the floor, and the windows dripping with

condensation, and the guilty party was given a mere traffic citation... along with the cop's badge number.

Nick paused briefly before restarting the engine. She had been awfully lucky. And from her past experience, she knew that luck, like time, always runs out.

"Time! Holy shit! Lookit the time!" Nick panicked. They were 35 miles from the city. Telling her trick to strap herself in and hold on tight, she sped back along the highway. She pulled up to the restaurant just as, inside, Master Dylan was reaching for the check. Nick rushed to wipe down the windows and straighten up the interior as her beeper sounded.

"Listen... uh..."

"Lisa."

"Yeah, Lisa, I hate to just kick you out like this, but..."

"No problem, Nick. Thanks for the lift."

Nick pulled up to the curb and tried to look at ease. She hoped that the final drive around the block with the windows down had aired out the smell of sex. Madame Z and Master Dylan got in, and if they noticed anything, they hid it well.

"My goodness, Nicholas. You haven't touched your dinner."

Nick's eyes darted to the paper bag on the floor.

"I regret, Madame, that I am feeling, uh, a bit unwell."

"You do look a little flushed," observed Master Dylan.

No one said another word. It seemed as though Nick was going to pull off another successful night out.

Back at the estate, she dropped off her passengers, garaged the limo, and started for the servant's quarters. No sooner had she closed the door to her room than her buzzer sounded.

"Nicholas. Would you come here, please?"

That tone of voice. So cold. How could it be? Nick's mind raced. *Flawless! I was flawless*, she thought. *No physical evidence. No tardiness. How?*

Master Dylan's sleeves were already rolled up and Madame Z had a cane in one hand and a calculator in the other.

Someone, it seemed, had been regularly reporting the mileage on the limo's odometer. Tonight's escapade was not luck. Tonight's escapade was a set-up. There was no contesting the fact that there were 72 miles unaccounted for.

Nick didn't even resist this time. She gripped the banister tightly as the two alternated their punishment. Neither asked her to count the blows, and Nick would have lost track anyway. Tonight there were no smart-ass comments... no defiant insults... no dirty looks. Instead, the chauffeur just took the beating, and for a change of pace begged passionately for mercy.

Madame Z had a cane in one hand and a calculator in the other.

Master Dylan thought a moment, then considered the delinquent boy's plea. If the Madame expended all her energy on Nick, how would she be able to beat *her*, later?

The two gently peeled Nick off the floor and carried her to bed. Madame Z spared her the usual lecture, and, in a loving gesture, tucked her in.

Nick, still reeling from the pain, barely noticed when, an hour later, someone slid into bed next to her.

"I see you met Lisa."

"Nee one, Frederick."

The houseboy, enormously pleased with herself, snuggled up next to Nick's bruised body and giggled in the dark.

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"It *is* a shame, though," Nick mumbled drowsily; "about those oil stains on the carpet in the dining hall. And just in time for Master Dylan's breakfast tomorrow, too."

She rolled over and feigned snoring.

Frederiek paused a moment before climbing out of bed. As Nick drifted to sleep, she could hear the sound of scrubbing faintly in the distance.

"The houseboy is gonna pay for this one," Nick thought sleepily. "And keep on paying...."

But of course, tomorrow was another day.

V

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Age Play for Young and Old

by Emily Edwards

**Why do I do it?
Because she likes it—
and I'd do anything to
keep my little girl happy.**

—Nicola

1981: *She's almost six feet tall, this woman, with her bottle-blonde bun and her Lancôme lips. The strictest teacher in the school, she is feared and hated. Except by me. I spend most of tenth grade wondering why the finer points of French grammar make me wet. By eleventh grade, I have figured out how to come in class, with my foot tucked up under me. 'Ne touchez pas'—she is distant, unapproachable. But if I get an A again this term, she might pat me on the back as I leave the room, might squeeze my arm when she sees me in the hall: my reward for lessons well-learned.*

1993: *The boy struggles to pronounce the difficult new sounds. "Verzeihen Sie mir, Frau Professorin." Forgive me, Professor. I laugh at her attempts, to further humiliate her and for the sheer joy of seeing her blush and squirm in her seat. When her attention starts to drift—as it tends to in young boys with hard dicks—I slap her across the face. "Focus!" In my classroom, there are no rules against things like corporal punishment. And the rewards she'll get for outstanding work won't be just a pat on the back or a little gold star at the top of the page.*

IF YOU'D ASKED ME TWELVE YEARS AGO what it meant to be an adult, I'd have said it meant worrying, working and taking care of brats like me. Being a child meant fun, games, and the occasional homework assignment, but that was, if you'll pardon the pun, child's play. At first glance, kidhood looks infinitely more appealing than the endless drudgery of the grown-up world. Yet childhood freedoms—freedom to play, to be brutally honest, to experiment, to make mistakes, to be irrational and irresponsible and silly—are strictly limited by "parental discretion," which is a polite way of saying that adults have the right to create and control a child's reality.

If this situation sounds familiar, dear perverted reader, it should. To children, adults all share one thing: power. Age play is a mode for (re-)living intergenerational power relationships. When my

Daddy spanks me, or when I cane a rebellious schoolboy, I am invoking that power relationship. And power—both taking it and giving it up—is sexy.

"In S/M I play with power and what I enjoy as a bottom is giving up power, being submissive. A lot of people like bondage, for example, getting tied up and immobilized, because that's a way of physically communicating a difference in power. Age play is a psychological way of giving up power."

—Mitch

"When I go into the child mode, there will be an adult authority figure there. This isn't one of my school-yard playmates who's got me tied up."

—Harriet

Age Play as a Bottom: Peter Pan Had a Point

Age play takes the power dynamics inherent in intergenerational relationships and eroticizes them. For the bottom, that usually means giving up control, either physically or intellectually or both. Being young means letting go of all those boundaries we adults have worked so hard to establish. It means forgetting what you learned at school. It means trusting that the older person really does know best.

"I love more than anything that type of vulnerability... Someone else is in charge. I don't have to make important decisions. I'm not responsible for anything. All I'm responsible to is that other person. That's why I enjoy the confusion of playing with the Mistress. I enjoy knowing that she knows everything, that she's got some master plan going on that I don't understand. I like that kind of simplicity. It's peaceful and soothing, even if [she's] got a knife to my throat..."

—Mitch



Photograph by Michael Adrienne

Being young means being able to do it all over again.

"The stuff I like about being younger is renewable virginity."

—Robin

"It's satisfying to play the innocent young child—'Oh, what are you doing to me, this is horrible.' Playing a virgin over the age of, say, fifteen just isn't believable for me. The idea of the corruption of innocence is very, very sexy."

—Harriet

"I may feel frightened [with the Mom-figure] because I'm exploring something new, like my hard dick in her hand; or I'm between her legs and I've never been in a place like that, and I'm not sure what I'm supposed to be doing... That's very frightening, but she'll calm me down and take me through it."

—Mitch

Being young means being taken care of.

"I think some of the Daddy-Boy stuff is the richest for me. It's getting to feel younger and safer, like the world is not mean and cruel and arbitrary."

—Robin

Although in most age play scenes young equals bottom, this is not always the case. Anyone who's ever been terrorized by a younger sibling knows that being younger can sometimes mean being in control.

"I like being sadistic with the babysitter. In that case I'd communicate power by tying them up and doing mean things to them. An eight-year-old doesn't have the same boundaries as an adult or the same sense of limits. They can also be more creative and very vicious, more so than an adult."

—Mitch

Being younger can also mean relating to other young people—as a top, a bottom, or an equal.

"When I'm a little boy and I'm playing with older boys, that's terrifying, because they're stronger than me. They don't give a fuck about me. They're just going to use my body. They might toss me in a circle of boys and make me do humiliating things, like go from one to the other and suck them off. They'll talk about me as though I'm a girl. They'll just humiliate and degrade me. They have power over me by their strength and their number and by their age."

—Mitch

Age Play as a Top:

This Is Going To Hurt Me More Than It Hurts You

Whether as Daddy's adoring little girl or the bully boy from down the street, playing as a kid means getting to experience the release of the "childhood freedoms" I spoke about above. Being a boundary-less wonder for a couple of hours can be really liberating. On the other side of the S/M equation, playing Mommy or Teacher allows you to access a type of power that Master and Drill Sergeant and Bitch-with-a-Bullwhip don't have, power that comes from the bottom's total dependence on you as their role model and love object.

Being older means having complete control.

"It's not necessarily about pain or lack thereof, but a lot about power in a different way, power over. I'm totally in charge; it's a power exchange."

—Sara

"A lot of the time [in real life] I don't feel big or bad or grown-up. It's part of being disabled. If for an hour or two I can be somebody else and make my body feel like it's somebody else and be bigger and badder and in control and run things and be nasty, it's very empowering, it's very strong, and it's very hot."

—Robin

"As the Mistress, I'm powerful, mysterious, seductive and brutal. I'm that boy's lifeline, his savior. And he knows it."

—Emily

Being older means getting to take care of someone else, and ourselves.

"I was very surprised because as a [real-life] mother, I'm tired of nurturing kids. I'm glad they're grown... I get my own life now. I don't even want to nurture my cat! But there's something in this connection with Baby... That nurturing takes care of me so much."

—Sara

"Daddy tells her little girl, 'When you're with me, I'll protect you from everything. Except me.'"

—Nicola

"The comforting, nurturing part of myself is not very feminine, it's not very female. It ends up being very male... not quite super-Dad, but more like a kind and loving rapist."

—Robin

"That's the wonderful thing about this for lesbians: we get to nurture each other. We get to nurture each other and it's a woman nurturing us. We get our Mommy if we want a Mommy."

—Sara

Being older means getting to identify with powerful figures from our past.

"When I play Miss Abernathy, it's a tribute to all the wonderful, sexy teachers I've ever fantasized



Photograph by Catherine Opie

about. I have a long-standing jack-off fantasy in which I am alternately a student failing French, and the teacher, complete with birch switch. The fantasy always ends with fucking on the teacher's desk in a pile of knee socks and hair ribbons. I must have gotten off to that image a thousand times in the past ten years. Miss Abernathy is the incarnation of that fantasy."

—Emily

It's Never Too Late to Have a Happy Childhood

For those of us who live in conflict with our biological families (who was it who said the phrase "dysfunctional family" was redundant?) the experience of saying or hearing "I love you, Mommy," not only feels good, it can help heal the profound wounds of physical and emotional abuse. I am not trying to advocate age play as a substitute for good, old-fashioned psychotherapy, but I am suggesting that age play, and especially Mommy or Daddy play, is so intensely attractive because it draws on our most profound psychological patterns, both positive and negative.

"I'm often aware that [my baby] hasn't had that kind of nurturing, and that I'm giving her the nurturing that she hasn't had. I do a lot of soothing talk and stroke her. That's incredibly loving. It also fills that mothering need for me. My children are gone, and it very well may fill a need in me because I'm missing that in my life."

—Sara

"I usually end up being Boy because I thought for a long time when I was a little girl that what was really going on was that I was a little boy. With hindsight I think that what was really going on was that I was just a little butch, but there's not a lot of places where that stuff [is considered] OK, unless you have a mother who plays softball or something, and I surely didn't. So for a really long stretch in early adolescence when I was being overtly sexual with men primarily, and feeling really bad about wanting to have sex with girls too, I quashed all that boy stuff. So this is letting the boy out."

—Robin

"My father died when I was a teenager, and all my life we'd been in conflict, fighting for my mother's attention and affection. He was clueless about how to show affection himself. When I play with my Daddy now, she tells me all the things I never heard: you're so beautiful, Daddy's proud of you, Daddy loves his little girl. Even though I wasn't looking for that kind of satisfaction when we started playing, I do get it now."

—Emily

"I have a mother whom I never called Mommy. I never used that word. It just came out of my mouth when my partner called me Baby."

—Jessie

"I didn't start having consensual sex with other people until I was nineteen. I didn't do sex play with friends at all when I was a kid. I really feel like I missed out! So one of the nice things about being Nicky is getting to be a teenager. Nicky has a life; I didn't at that age. I wouldn't want to be Nicky all the time, and I wouldn't want her to be the only role I play, but when I do, it's wonderful."

—Nicola

"Tracy gets to be all sorts of things that I wasn't, like a cheerleader and popular and thin, and to have a best girlfriend who's also a cheerleader. They get to giggle and gossip about sex, which I didn't do."

—April

"I could never please my mother well enough as a real kid. I was never good enough. So now I get to be noticed sometimes and to do good work, and be recognized for it. That feels really good, to be able to serve somebody well."

—Mitch

Emotional Safety

Age play can be intensely hot because it represents an edge, the strict cultural and legal taboo against intergenerational sexual expression. However, we live in a world where these boundaries are transgressed non-consensually on a daily basis. The experience of “regressing” into childhood or of “identifying” with a parental or other authority figure can bring up painful memories. When negotiating an age play scene, it is vital for players to be upfront about their personal histories, especially regarding abuse, sexual or otherwise.

Most of the people I spoke to had some kind of painful childhood experiences that influence how and why they do age play. Some players have eroticized childhood punishments, like being slapped in the face or spanked. Others prefer to keep their play completely separate from their lived childhood experiences. When she plays Baby, Jessie does not feel sexual. She experiences a strong feeling of satisfaction from being physically nurtured: bathed, massaged with lotion and powder, nursed. Although she knows that her Mommy gets turned on by certain aspects of their play—like Baby wetting herself, or taking Baby’s temperature with a rectal thermometer—she needs to come out of Baby-space in order to be sexual with her partner.

“It’s wise to know what a powder-keg you’re dealing with, potentially, even if you don’t think you are. Even if you think it’s safe, stuff comes up. Then the problem is keeping the real players separate from what happened.”

—Harriet

**It’s wise to know
what a powder-keg
you’re dealing with...
even if you don’t
think you are.**

Even when the issues of childhood trauma are not a problem, it can still be very difficult to separate the roles we play in S/M from real life. This is especially the case in an on-going relationship. The power dynamics we set up in a play context can and do “bleed through” into our day-to-day interactions.

“It seemed all-consuming. We didn’t really want to get out of role, it was an effort to. And in a certain way, we never really went out of those roles again until we broke up. We went ahead and did our lives, but on some level, she was always Mom and I was always Boy.”

—Mitch

“If you play all the time, the capital-S Self becomes submerged.”

—Harriet

“It’s hard not to be Daddy all the time.”

—Max

“The more responsibility you adopt, the more you can end up with permanently. It is so hard to hand back that power that belongs to the bottom.”

—Harriet

Playing It Safe

All the players I spoke to agreed: psychological role play, and especially age play, can be one of the most intense and pleasurable S/M experiences around. What can you do to help keep your play safe, sane and hot?

Negotiate!

Talk about your needs, your desires, your expectations and your fears.

Leave sufficient time for "come down."

As with all S/M scenes, it's important to allow time to readjust to life outside the dungeon—or the nursery. If you don't make the effort to decompress from a scene, you run the risk of staying in role when it's no longer appropriate. Once you've opened this Pandora's box, it can be hard to shut the lid.

Process the scene.

Go have coffee and talk about what made you cream, what frightened you or made you nervous, what you'd like to do next time.

Separate from your partner.

Sometimes these games can be hard to stop playing. Spending time apart is vital for each player to get back to her normal space.

Use visual cues, props and locations to distinguish "in-scene" from real life.

Go shopping. Buy scene clothes and other kinky accoutrements. These don't need to be elaborate or expensive—thrift stores are a great resource.

Consider doing age play in an historical context.

Doing a Victorian Mommy-girl scene rather than one set in present-day America may help create a safe emotional distance for the players. Go get yourself a copy of *The Pearl* (authentic Victorian smut!) and let your imagination roam. (Thanks to Harriet for this suggestion.)

As with all S/M scenes, it's important to allow time to readjust to life outside the dungeon—or the nursery.

Try playing with gender as well as age.

This may be especially helpful if you or your partner is an incest or abuse survivor. It may not feel safe for you to be a little girl if you were abused as a child, but being a little boy may be a whole different story. Likewise, if your mother abused you, you may not want to be someone's Mommy, but Daddy or Uncle or Scoutmaster may feel safe and hot.

Re-establish the balance of power by doing something caring for each other.

Give your Mommy a back-rub. (Thanks to Lizard for this tip.)

Create a safe space for your play persona away from the scene.

Take your inner child to the zoo. Hang out with real children and allow yourself to have fun and be a kid. Take Miss Abernathy, Headmistress of The Dover School, out to the local office supply store to find just the right ruler. Spend time alone in your alternate universe.

Maximize your resources.

Build up a support system outside of your play relationships.

If you do age play primarily with one individual, try switching.

Knowing that on alternate Thursdays your little boy becomes your commanding officer goes a long way to keeping egos in check!

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Who We Are When We Play

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A submissive little boy with a Mom.—Mitch

A good little girl who's really striving to please Mommy.—Harriet

One role is **Daddy/bad cop/“mean guy with a dick”** who is in his late thirties.

He's exclusively a top, and primarily into girls.—Robin

I'm a **three-month-old baby girl**.—Jessie

I'm **her Mommy**.—Sara

Lots of times I end up being **fourteen**, since that's when I started being sexual with other people. I also like to call out that fourteen- to sixteen-year-old person in others.—Robin

Daddy's little girl varies in age from about six to a grown-up femme. Her Daddy makes her feel safe and protected, and she loves her Daddy very much.—April

Daddy gets to be big and strong and powerful with her little girl. Having a little girl is a scary responsibility, but this Daddy thinks it's worth it.—Nicola

There's a **slightly older guy** who's into mean femme dom women, although he's never quite figured out that it's really a Mommy thing.—Robin

I like getting to do that Dad stuff—**Dad or big brother...**
your friendly neighborhood pedophile.—Robin

I'm Christina Abernathy, **Headmistress** of the Doyer Academy, a New England prep school for upper-crusty debs.—Emily

Janie Greene, a **baby butch** with a regrettable tendency to develop crushes on her female teachers. She's fourteen.—Nicola

One of my characters is named Robert. He's **one of those snotty boys** Holden Caulfield hated.—Robin

I like being a **sadistic eight-year-old**.—Mitch

An **older woman in her 40s**. She's straight and she just loves to fuck. She's a very sexy femme who has this bad habit of seducing boys who are freshmen in high school. They're virgins and she shows them how to do it. She likes to show them what a woman's body is all about.—Mitch

There's a **sleazy faggot** who's more of a bottom, but if it gets his dick hard, he'll do it. He's my spiritual connection to the fag fistiging parties I missed out on.—Robin

Daddy's little Princess.—Emily

Her protective, sadistic, loving, punishing, comforting, disciplinarian **Daddy**.—Max

Bruce is a **22-year-old butch** who isn't usually interested in teenage girls.—April

Nicky, a **fifteen-year-old cheerleader** in small-town America. She's never been with a woman before Bruce. Well, except stuff with Tracy, but that was just fooling around.—Nicola

Tracy is **Nicky's best friend**. She's sixteen. Tracy is just aching to go bad.—April

A **little fag boy** (age eight to twelve) with a bigger brother.—Mitch

Drew is a **sheltered Catholic soon-to-be fag boy**.—Emily

To our readers:

A number of the people I interviewed for this article expressed their dismay at feeling like “they were the only perverts doing this stuff.” We'd love to hear from other people who do age play. Write to Age Play, c/o Venus Inferns, 2215-R Market St., Suite 294, San Francisco, CA 94114. Our e-mail address is venus@netcom.com.

Thanks to everyone who let me and my tape recorder into their bedroom. And special thanks to Daddy Max for teaching her little girl to think big.

Mistress Kate and slave falcon



Photography by Susan Stewart
Poem by Pat Califia



Like the hero, Taliesin,
I have been many things.
I have been a tree—
The Alder,
Beloved by witches.

Now I am Her raptor,
And when She shakes me
From the end of Her wrist,
I dance so high
Upon the spiraling winds
That the trees are smaller
Than any bird below me.

Hunting at Her pleasure,
Predator and prey,
I fly until She twirls
Her leather strap, and its whistle
Calls me home
To Her hood and the bloody morsel
Of Her favor.

What I see in that darkness
Makes both of Us blind
As the Norns at their well.
Intoxicated by the heart's wine,
We become an oracle
Speaking in a single voice,
Wiser than the deepest root
Of the mighty tree that spears
Earth's molten core.





ERVERT PATROL

ON THE NEWS BEAT

Felony Fruit

Marian Anderson, lead singer of the women's band Insaints, has been charged with obscenity and lewd conduct for live sex acts performed on stage with two other women and a banana. The band was performing on April 3 at 924 Gilman, a private club in Berkeley, California, when Carlo Cardona, a former Dead Kennedys member, left the club and called the cops. Cardona (who has "regained" his "faith in Jesus") said, "I went to see music, not a kinky lesbian sex show." Anderson refused to clothe herself after arrest and was booked in the buff. She has pleaded not guilty, and says, "Sure I'm guilty of obscenity, but I don't think to be obscene is wrong." The Insaints have a seven-inch record coming out from Maximum Rock and Roll this fall.

Sources: *San Francisco Examiner* and *The Bay Guardian*.

More Bondage, Less Sex

As of June 18, the Ontario Film Review Board will refuse to approve adult films that depict "slapping on the buttocks in an abusive or violent manner" or "scenes of a male or female being restrained in a scene of explicit sexual activity."

Simultaneous anal and vaginal penetration is also forbidden "or other elements considered degrading, humiliating, etc."

Customs officials seem determined to seize all the books they can before their right to do so comes up for review in October in a major civil-rights case brought by Little Sisters bookstore in Vancouver. Recently-seized books in Canada include Karen Barber's *Bushfire*, the sequel, *After Glow*, John Rechy's *City of Night*, Susie Bright's *Herotica*, Laura Antoniou's *Leatherwomen*, and Pat Califia's *Melting Point*.

A new child-porn law, Bill C-128,

has passed unanimously through the House of Commons. The bill's definition of child pornography is so expansive that merely discussing age-of-consent issues could constitute a violation if a court found the material "advocates or counsels" sex with someone under 18.

Source: *Toshiya Kuwabara, Censorstop, P. O. Box 888, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2N9*. Send a donation to get on their mailing list.

L.A. Cops Bust S/M Event

The LAPD raided the Dragonfly dance club on April 4, when it was hosting a Sunday-night leather crowd. About twenty people were arrested and charged with lewd conduct. Numerous witnesses say no sexual activity was taking place, but the city is prosecuting. As usual, the cops claimed they were responding to a citizen's complaint, even though the club has had no problems with its neighbors. The raid involved about thirty officers, ten squad cars,

two fire department vehicles, and a helicopter.

The Coalition for Justice (CFJ) suggests you write to the following city officials to express your indignation: Jimmy Hahn, City Attorney, 1800 City Hall E., 200 N. Main St.; Chief of Police Willie Williams, 150 N. Los Angeles St., Room 615; Mayor Richard Riordan, 200 N. Spring St., Room 305; and Councilwoman Jackie Goldberg at the same address in Room 240. All these addresses are in Los Angeles, CA 90012.

Source: *CFJ, 4470-107 Sunset Blvd., Suite 375, Los Angeles, CA 90027, 310/440-3313*. Send a donation to get on their mailing list.

Man Charged in Deaths of London Leathermen

Colin Ireland, 39, has been charged with killing at least five men in London, England. The victims were suffocated and their remains found at their homes.

Ireland was reportedly arrested when he appeared in a railway station security camera videotape, apparently stalking the most recent victim, Emanuel Spiteri. A person claiming to be the killer frequently called Scotland Yard to taunt police. He told newspaper reporters of the first victim, theater director Peter Walker, "I tied him up and killed him. He was homosexual and into kinky sex." British tabloids (and *The Advocate*) trivialized the victims' tragic deaths by dubbing the killer "Sado Sam."

Sources: San Francisco Examiner and The Advocate.

She Understands the Spanking Part

The Sacramento News and Review has landed in hot water for running fairly balanced coverage of the Sacramento Leather Association's fourth annual Leatherfest in July. Local sexphobes are calling for a boycott of the newspaper. Among the outraged is Michelle Kunert, who wrote in a letter to the editor, "There is a big difference between two adults just 'talking dirty' on the phone, and endorsing sex acts that cause permanent bodily mutilation. ... I can understand why some people like to be 'paddled' to be aroused during the act of sex, but I do not understand mutilation of sexual organs [i.e., permanent body piercing] for arousal." If only she would give us a chance to explain...

Source: Sacramento News and Review.

Woman-to-Woman AIDS Transmission Found

A physician in Austin, Texas reports that two of his patients are HIV-positive lesbians who may have become infected by having sex with women who carry the virus thought to cause AIDS. Dr. David Wright says his patients are unlikely to have

contracted the virus through shared needles or unprotected sex with men.

Source: San Francisco Examiner.

Bombs, Not Porn?

The May/June issue of *On Our Backs*, which depicts Asian-American performance artist Dawn Wan in a sea of flames, has turned Seattle bookstores into a war zone. A group of six lesbians and two men called Dykes Against Porn (DAP) slashed the magazines on newsstands, spray-painted slogans outside a market, and protested outside the city's most liberal bookstore, Red and Black Books.

Akiko Carver, speaking for the group, said the magazine "glorifies and promotes violence against Asian women; what it basically says is that white dykes should be getting off on setting Asian girls on fire." This proves, once again, that the fantasies of anti-porn activists are much more kinky than anything mere leather dykes get it up for.

Red Reddick, a member of the bookstore collective, replied, "I hate *On Our Backs*, but I hate censorship even worse."

Carver was interviewed in *The Stranger*, an alternative newsmagazine. She accused the bookstore staff of being racist and added, "I think that if someone started bombing stores or whatever, I really wouldn't be concerned about that either. I think it could be right on." After the unflattering interview appeared, DAP destroyed thousands of issues of the magazine. Carver has since moved to Washington, DC.

Source: The Bay Area Reporter

New Guidelines for Cleaning Needles

The Centers for Disease Control, the Center of Substance Abuse Treatment, and the National

Institute on Drug Abuse have released new guidelines for cleaning needles.

The new guidelines are based on studies which indicate that cleaning hypodermic needles with a bleach solution does *not* kill HIV, the virus thought to cause AIDS. A 10% bleach solution apparently causes the blood to clot, which makes it harder for the disinfectant to get at the virus. However, bleach is still thought to work better than rubbing alcohol or hydrogen peroxide.

The new guidelines say needles should be cleaned twice, once immediately after they are used and once just before being re-used:

1) Wash out the needle and syringe by filling them three times with clean water.

2) Completely fill the needle and syringe at least three times with full-strength bleach. Do not re-use the bleach. Let the bleach stay in the syringe at least 30 seconds — the longer you can let the bleach stay in the syringe, the better your chances are of killing HIV.

3) Shake the rig up or gently tap it to loosen debris. Taking the whole thing apart and letting it soak in bleach is even better.

4) After that, rinse the syringe and needle by filling the rig up three times with clean water. Do not use the same water you used for pre-bleach cleaning — it may be contaminated.

A study in Baltimore showed no significant difference in HIV seroconversion rates between drug users who regularly cleaned their needles (using the old method) and folks who never did.

This study makes it clear that people must have access to clean needles, so they never need to share or re-use them. Needle exchange is "quietly" being advocated by the Clinton administration.

Source: The Bay Area Reporter

The Red Zone

by Aarona Griffin

THE ROOM IS STILL, suspended in a momentary silence, not unlike the eerie stillness that I have felt in a crowd after someone has had a seizure in the middle of a public place and the ambulance comes and takes them away. There is a stillness left behind with the crowd, a sort of shocked silence at this display of something many never witness, never experience; a silence full of confused emotions, an odd sense of instability and uncertainty in those who are blindly healthy, thinking themselves blindly safe from any sort of "abnormal" behavior, any sort of danger up 'til now; an uncertainty full of blinking eyes, slack jaws and pounding heartbeats. And fear. Could be me. Yeah.

And in this pounding silence it is me in the dangerous position, waiting in the shocked silence; me, the one who would never have imagined sensations such as these or putting myself here, where I am the familiar stranger and she the orchestrator, a master over my body's sensations. But I am here, sweating and blinking as the sweat drips down my face, down my back where her cruelty, her generosity, has marked me with pain; waiting in the after-stillness, bound and gagged with a bit in my mouth, staring, half-crazed, at the meters in front of me. Yes, meters, in stereo.

Cray has only stepped out for a moment to let me breathe, let me simmer, so-to-speak, a half-time break from her rhythmic beatings. Fifty endured; fifty more to go. I breathe as quietly as possible, lungs threatening to really suck in the air, loudly, and exhale it in a wild, raging scream of release.



**I have signed the
contract: complete
submission.**

But the pressure pushes at my skin, at my lungs, at my throat, threatening to explode out of the burning welts that criss-cross my ass and thighs and back, as if my screams could escape through the channels of inflamed pain left by the whip.

I am excruciatingly aware of the microphone just in front of my bit-filled mouth and the two stereo meters just behind it. Their faces mock me, stare back at me, taunt me with the power they possess because she has given it to them, given them life with electricity and her words.

You make a sound that sends those needles into the red and you'll be punished with two more lashes the first time, double that the second, and the third time the contracted number of lashings is null and void and I am free to do with you what I wish.

I had actually signed that contract.

I watch the needles now as they flutter just a little each time I exhale, trying gamely to control the pressure of my lungs. I want so badly to scream out all the screams I have been holding in before this break but I know the rules; I know I am afraid to go further than I have before and so, because she knows this too, I am captive to the meters and the trap of my own body, my own fears and desires. I want to holler like a wolf and shake my head and release my sweating, aching body from its torment, move my clit away from the cool, damp leather that I straddle, stretched over the wooden horse with legs shackled at either side at my ankles, hands secured at the wrists to the two front legs of the A-frame.

The pleasure each time my sex makes contact with the leather surface is sweet, but I have been forbidden to come. I have signed the contract: complete submission. But this does not come easily for me and the anger pulses through me, racing with my blood, mingling with the sweet cream of my excitement and passion.

I shift on the horse, feel the tingles of pleasure between my legs and close my eyes, unconsciously let out a soft moan. My clit is so swollen and sensitive with desire it demands release more loudly than my silenced cries. I can feel the pounding of my heart at its tip and I am not sure I can do this without losing my mind, without forfeiting my soul to greedy desire.

My neck aches, and if I was more daring I would lay my cheek against the cool leather beneath my chin. But she has ordered me not to move my eyes from the view in front of me, and I know somewhere she is watching, always watching. I stare at the needles on the UV meters, gain control of my senses just enough to exhale, this time ever-so-silently. The needles do not move: my payoff. I shall master this game.

I lick the metal of the bit in my mouth with a dry tongue, trying to close my mouth, but the metal forbids it. Having to keep my lips apart, both above and below, thrusts the discipline of silence deep into my psyche. Here the boundaries are all internal. If I could only shut my mouth, perhaps my odds would increase for the better, I think.



Art by Ingin Kim

But no, I will win this game, regardless.

Before my head has a chance to begin any semblance of clear and logical thought (but having left me long enough to allow for the return of my concentration to the meters before me and the sound of my own breathing, rather than simply escaping from the pain into the netherlands of my mind), I hear her footsteps on the warehouse floor. Cray's boots. Round two. I open my eyes but cannot see her, though I can sense her presence behind me.

"I have been monitoring you," she says in her rich, husky voice that echoes in the huge open space.

Outside the sun is setting, the light through the smoky glass of the high windows getting dimmer by the moment. The light from the UV meters glows wickedly in the darkening room as the sun continues to fade.

The tone of Cray's voice causes me to tremble involuntarily; she knows something I don't. "The meters recorded sound, you slut, a moan I think you could call it." She moves up close behind me, I can feel her there, her leather-clad legs on my bare thighs. I hold my breath. "But you got lucky this time."

Cray's fingers alight on the skin of my back and I shiver to the touch. My breasts tingle against the leather of the horse, my belly laying against its cool surface, tight. I feel as if my heartbeat might shake me off the horse, but the bindings keep my body close, only a film of sweat between my fair skin and the seasoned leather.

The palm of Cray's wide hand softly follows the curves of my ass, so softly, but still there is a slight sting of pain from the welts. The side of her hand barely brushes my pubic hair, the edge of my open cunt lips, and I catch myself before a soft cry escapes.

So far, the contract stands, the needles have remained in the white. But we are only just beginning round two. In this scene there are one hundred lashes to be sustained. I have kept relatively silent for fifty.

"Prepare," she says and backs away.

But there is no way I can prepare for the first lash against my already-battered skin and it catches me by surprise, the intensity of pain after a reprieve, no matter how brief; the rhythm was broken, and a groan escapes from deep inside me like a cork blowing from a high-pressured bottle. My teeth clack lightly against the bit and I can feel the chains digging into the palms of my hands as

I grip them to steady myself. The needle jumps to the border of red and white, registering my lack of control. Immediately the sweat begins again to drip down my neck and into the deep cleavage of my tits, smashed against the horse.

"Close," Cray hisses, and my eyes snap to attention, staring once again at the meters before me. "Now count," she demands. She knows I hate this command and even if I could, I would rebel against it; and this being a double bind—the first rule being silence or else—is what riles me immediately into a dangerously enraged state. She tries to trick me. My mind works my position on the chessboard as one who is blind but knows the room by heart.

The whip falls more lightly this time as she allows me to warm up to her return. A rush of heat fills me and my heart begins the pounding of the waves against the shore of my body's tenuous control, and we are up to ten, it seems, before I remember to take a breath. And by twenty, which is really seventy, I can hardly focus my eyes on the display before me, even the microphone turning into

some sort of melting creature with open jaws and I want to holler into that gaping mouth just to see if it would echo, and I want to laugh hysterically as she says, "Thirty!" loud enough so even my crazed mind can register her words. The sweat is burning down my naked skin, the liquid of my sex slipping out of my open cunt, traveling over the miniature forest of hair and perhaps, I imagine somewhere deep in my subconscious, running like a river down over the now-steaming leather of the horse locked between my strong legs.



"Prepare," she says and backs away.

And when she reaches forty I can no longer make sense of her words, imagine myself melting into another dimension where my tears as they slip down my face create a river of anguish that leaves my body to build this huge sea where all tears of pleasure pain sadness joy go. And I am somehow connected to all of this like a star in a galaxy of stars, but no, I am sweat, I am liquid in a sea of liquid where we are all liquid, and by forty-eight I feel a beast down deep inside me growling with rage and I am afraid of it and yet consumed by it. Its growl moves out onto my lips and at forty-nine I am wolf and beast and madness of release when there has been none for too long, and at fifty I am exploding screams into the microphone and the needles lay flat against the far side in the red and I am the tortured needles, am inside the meters; I am the voice itself in digital stereo blasting through the room, out of control in the red zone.

Cray delivers two more lashes for my insolence, as the contract stands the same for the hundredth blow as for the first, and there is a new quality to my screaming where I have moved inside the sound and I am the sound. The chains dig into

the palms of my hands, my body in flames, and suddenly her hand is between my legs and she is diving, swimming in the ocean of my cunt, taking me beyond the pain because she knows I like the strange mixture of sex and pain where others disconnect. But I am connected: to this horse, these chains, my voice still groaning and growling like the beast I am, sweat raining off my body, and she is flicking my clit now, seeking out its power until—just when I think I can cry out not one more sound—she sends me up and over the edge of sanity and I am howling, groaning, crying out the joy of her touch, muscles contracting deep inside around her fingers that have penetrated my asshole, my sex, while her thumb continues the friction on my swollen clit, and all the world is pain and pleasure and pressure and release and it all makes sense, it all leads back to this, yes, yes, to this.

And I say, somehow, panting through a veil of sweat and tears and saliva and heat, I say to her in a hoarse voice, “Maybe next time, maybe next time...”

V



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Pssst ... Feeelthy Pictures!

by Lisa Bailes

IT'S HARVEST TIME, and a bumper crop of tasty photographs—in books and exhibits—have arrived to feed the mind and excite the body.

Gender Fuck

In San Francisco recently at several venues, *Crossing the Line: An Exhibit of Gender Transgressions* is described by its curators Martina Barash, Sabrina Mazzoni, Ellen Meyers and Susan Stryker as "photographs and text about cross-dressing, stylized play with gender roles and transsexuality." The show packs (ahem) more of a wallop than its title or modest size would indicate. (Take that, size queens.) The images—sometimes arresting, sometimes amusing, frequently thought-provoking—are given a philosophical and sociological context by the well-chosen quotations displayed alongside. Author Jan Morris, an eloquent MTF (male-to-female transsexual),



Housk Randall's sleek S/M portraits—like this one and the photo featured in the Table of Contents—appear in *Revelations*.

expresses the isolation that sometimes comes with gender treachery: "A person who stands all alone on his own ... may come to feel that reality itself is an illusion."

I say, let's promote a little confusion about reality and illusion! Drag queens of various levels of camp and verisimilitude abound in the photos, as does butch glamour. Elvis Herselvis appears in a color shot by Phyllis Christopher, with the King's full sneer and a

Vegas-style background. In *Susie*, a photograph by Jill Posener, a woman examines herself in a mirror wearing a black lace bra and a sturdy dildo, which she strokes thoughtfully. Alicia Brite presents a stunning image of black butch and femme in *Beauty and the Butch* with verve and action, reminiscent of the famous Eisenstadt/ Life VJ-Day photo.

The show is sponsored by The Gay and Lesbian Historical Society of Northern California and dedicated to the late Lou Sullivan, pioneer FTM (female-to-male transsexual).

His photos and diary excerpts may have the most impact because a full portrait emerges of the journey of transformation from Sheila to Lou. Early on, Sheila wrote in 1966, "No one looks deeper than the flesh." Midpoint, 1976: "I can't pretend I'm either male or female. But sometimes it's so hard sitting on the fence with a picket up my ass." In 1990, a snapshot shows a smiling handsome Lou, fully realized gay male.

The show lacks a certain precision; the inclusion of butch dyke images with transgender subjects blurs some very real distinctions. An exhibit viewer unfamiliar with the niceties might not get that butch ain't about wanting to be or impersonate a man; butch is its own aesthetic. Still, the exhibit accomplishes its goal. It challenges accepted notions of sex/genitalia/gender, fully aware of the literally revolutionary consequences: the purpose of such normative gender politics, according to a quote from the exhibit "is to delimit and contain the threatening absence of boundaries between human bodies and among bodily acts that would otherwise explode the organizational and institutional structures of social ideologies." In other words, girls, pack a dick for anarchy.



Our great-grandmas whacked each others butts! It's true – see *Jeux de Dames Cruelles*.



Grandmas Whackin' Butts

Our great-grandmothers whacked each other's butts! It's true. Check the evidence in *Jeux de Dames Cruelles, 1850-1960 (Games of Cruel Women)*: the photographic history of women hurting women, beautifully, with an emphasis on the decadent eras of the turn of the century and the 1930s. Unattainable lovelies, long since turned to dust, drop their Battenburg lace bloomers and take a dozen of the best. Imagine, a Victorian schoolroom caning fantasy, by real Victorians! The earli-

est photo is of an elegant enema, taken from the Storyville series by Belloc – an artist/sociologist who dared to photograph prostitutes in the 1850s. Renoir and other impressionists would depict the demimonde to acclaim a decade or two later, but poor Belloc's horrified heirs destroyed most of his negatives. Fortunately, many anonymous and delightful photographs survive to prove that we didn't invent women's S/M; it's been around a long and glorious time. Grandma, what big whips you have!

Cold, Hard Revelations

Every picture may be worth a thousand words, but frequently, the models reveal more about themselves in their quotes than in Housk Randall's fetish and S/M portraits in *Revelations*. Each subject—man, woman, transsexual, het, queer—is exquisitely lit and posed alone against a black background. The lush, glossy images are accompanied by the subject's own words, from the standard two word salute to coming-out stories. The pictures are technically superlative, yet in sum are unsatisfying, at least to this pervert. The human element is lost in the technique, and because each subject sits solo, the book looks like a catalogue selling kinky androids.



Revelations seems like a kinky androids catalog.

Although S/M includes some wonderful solitary pursuits, most of the fun for me comes from interaction. If Randall ever lends his skill to shooting actual S/M play, the results could be astonishing.

How you can add these pictures to your collection:

If you can't find these books at your local pervert emporium, try the plain-brown-wrapper route:

- **Revelations** – photographs by Housk Randall. Skin Two, London, 1993. List price (eeeeek!): £29.95. It's available from Skin Two, 23 Grand Union Centre, Kensal Rd., London W10 5AX, England. Phone (+44) 81-968-0234.
- **Jeux de Dames Cruelles, 1850-1960 (Games of Cruel Women)** – edited by Serge Nazarieff. Benedikt Taschen, Germany, 1992.
- **Betty Page, Queen of Pin-up** – introduction by Harald Hellman. Benedict Taschen, Germany, 1993

I found the other two at a vanilla used bookstore, a terrific source for budget porn and picture books – often at less than half the cover price.

If you want to dog-ear (or... whatever) those pages all by yourself, you can order them from Good Vibrations Sexuality Library at (415) 974-8990. Ask for a catalogue while you're at it.

The *Crossing the Line* exhibit is closed, alas, but contact sponsoring organization, the Gay and Lesbian Historical Society of Northern California at (415) 626-0980 for future events or for access to their historical archives (by appointment).



Far left:
Pin-up queen
Betty Page
giggles
behind
a ball gag
while
posing for
photogra-
pher Irving
Klaw.

Pin up these Betty pages!

With none of the technical gloss, but bigger than life, comes *Betty Page, Queen of Pin-up*. You either get Betty Page or you don't. Who is this farm girl in weird '50s underwear? I adore her: a girl-next-door with a dazzling smile, six-inch heels and occasionally a whip. This quality soft-cover collection presents shots from Irving Klaw (those negatives must be in tatters now), and a few from the startling good nudie work of Bunny Yeager, a former pin-up girl herself. About a quarter of the shots are bondage, many I haven't seen elsewhere, and even as cheesy as much of Klaw's work is, they are utterly charming. Especially the pictures in which Betty is obviously giggling behind the ball gag. The book is of interest only to Page fans, probably, but forget this reviewer's objectivity. Betty throws me into total rut mode every time.

v

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● **REVELATIONS:** Portraits of the sexual underworld by Housk Rondell. A luxurious, large-format hardback book with 112 pages of sublimely-toned black and white photography featuring denizens of the London fetish, S&M, piercing and tattooing scene.
UK£29.95 + £5 airmail p&p

Photograph from REVELATIONS by Housk Rondell

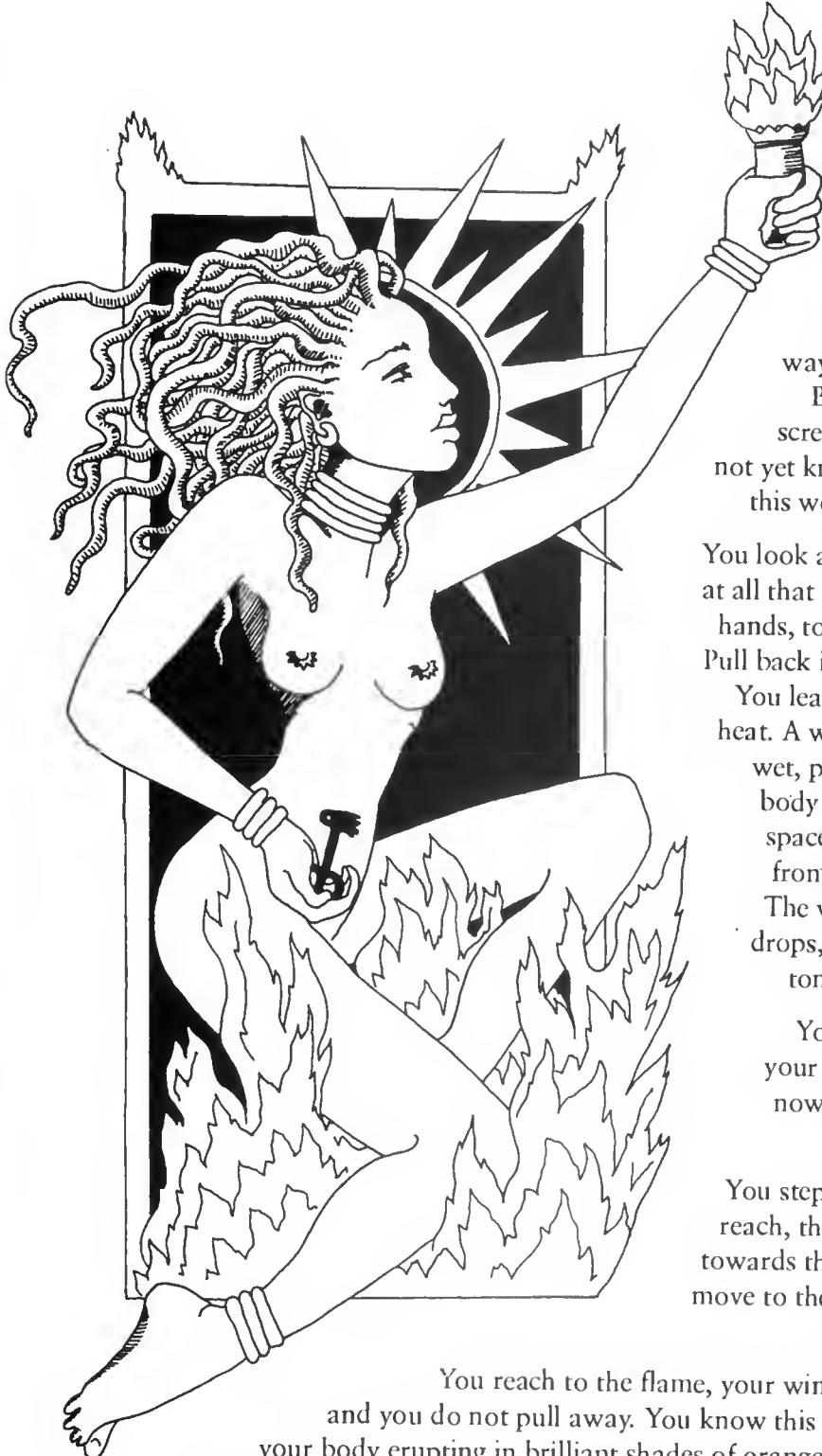
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fear of being alive



You reach to the flame, your wing catching fire quickly. You watch it burn, and you do not pull away. You know this is what you want. The flame sucks you in, your body erupting in brilliant shades of orange and red, deep blue where the pain is most intense. You scream again, you scream, your mouth open. Thirsty you turn to the flames of your body and you drink. You drink this fire, long deep swallows. You drink, your head now burning intensely, the flames growing larger. You burn. There is no pain, now. You are no longer thirsty.

You burn. You are not afraid.

A moth trapped in the hot wax of a burning candle, the body, a wick, the head on fire. The moth trapped, struggling to escape. No, you cannot escape. The only way to be free is to burn through this existence.

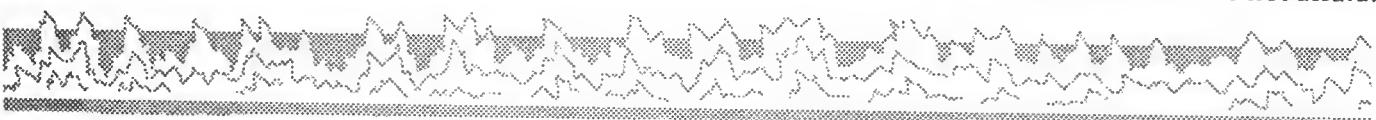
Burn, head flaming, body a wick. I hear your screams, loudly screaming like a child who does not yet know words, screaming because she is here in this world alone. You are here in this world alone.

You look around yourself and you reach out, grasping at all that is near you. You reach out your wings, your hands, towards the flames around you. Fire, hot, no! Pull back into yourself, afraid of the fire, it is not safe.

You lean backwards, pulling further away from the heat. A wall, solid stone with deep crevices, cold and wet, presses up against your back. You press your body into the cracks of the wall, into the shallow spaces between the stones. You like the moisture from the cold rock surrounding you. You drink. The water dripping, the stone giving up precious drops, precious few. You are so thirsty. Soon your tongue is dry, too thirsty. The drops disappear.

You scream again, louder now, you are older, your voice deeper. You scream. You have words now to use, to ask for what you want. You ask the stones, and they stay silent.

You step out of the wall, the fire burns within your reach, the flame of the candle so near. As you move towards the flame your body warms. Still thirsty you move to the fire. So thirsty you go to the fire. The fire will quench your thirst.





underwater

I can't breathe. You say that I will be able to breathe no matter how deep we go, and I don't trust you. I have never been able to swim underwater. I panic, I can't breathe.

You swim ahead of me, and I stay back clinging to the surface as though it is something I can hold onto, something I can wrap around my body, a warm blanket, leather, a harness so I feel secure, the way I feel when you fasten your collar around my neck and forbid me to take it off.

I look above me and I see the surface of the water, the sunlight blinding, coming from another world, not reaching me. It stops just above my head.

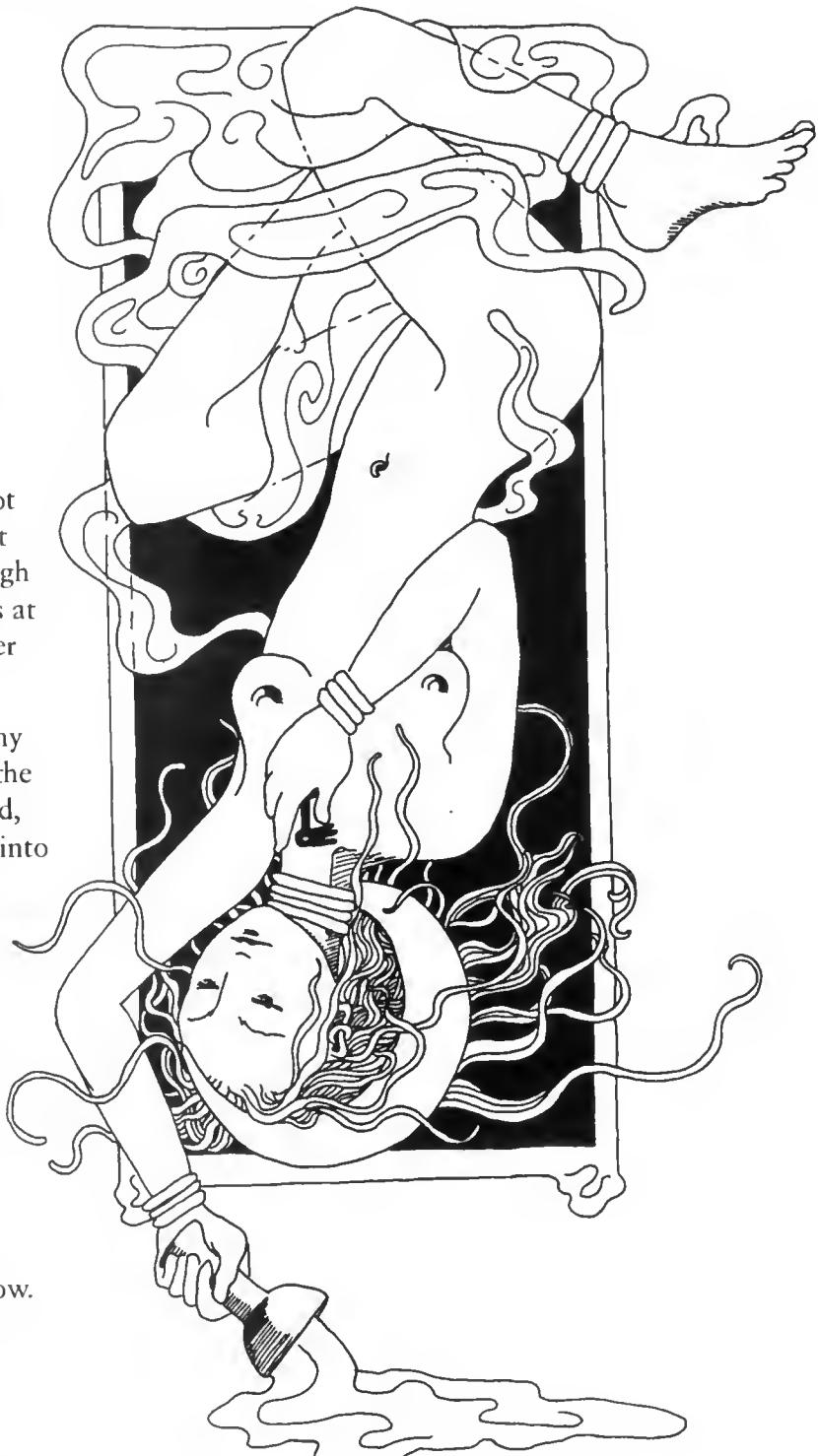
You dive deeper. The water is darker. I cannot see you, but I know you are there. We do not speak here, we are two bodies floating through and invisible world that only we know exists at this moment. You motion for me to go deeper with you. I see you. You can breathe.

Once again I look to the surface, and I put my hands up reaching over my head. I push on the place where the water meets the air. It is hard, a ceiling. I push and force myself down low into the water, and I breathe. I continue to push on the water around me. It pushes back, a wall. I lower myself as I move forward, swimming, breathing.

I take slow deep breaths. I doubt that they will be there. A long hand reaches out giving me each breath as I ask for it, please, I deserve it don't I? Each time the hand gives me the breath. Each time I think that this will be the last, there will be no more.

I look to the surface again, very far away now. I do not panic. I keep swimming after you.

v

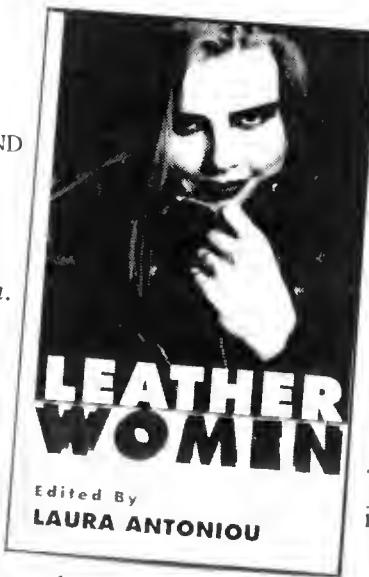


Both pages: prose by Margot Lynn, art by Michaela Grey

Twisted Print for Twisted Girls

by Robin Sweeney

LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE NIGHTSTAND TODAY, shall we? Starting off with one in the good pile—as opposed to the bad and the ugly—is editor Laura Antoniou's anthology, *Leatherwomen*. At last, girl smut that is as accessible as the faggot porn we've read and envied. This anthology has something for everyone—a humorous daddy story, a letter home to the Mistress from a severe boarding school, novice makes it with top in a wheelchair and nasty, hot verbal abuse. Of particular note are Trish Thomas's story about fucking a drag queen, Carol Queen's knife piece and the long and very satisfying story about the boy who used to be a Mistress, by Lady Sara. If your local bookstore doesn't get it for you, order it direct. Antoniou's planning another couple of anthologies, and more power to her. Her introduction makes you want to ask her to coffee and see where she flies her handkerchiefs.



In lots of ways, this book started it all. It's not just an earlier version of the *Leatherman's Handbook II*, but a historical document direct from the early days. Maybe there's a tad too much talk about making the groovy scene with a hot hippy dude, but there are so few reflections of what the community was like once upon a time that this is a must-buy. The castration scene alone makes it irresistible.

If you have a buddy or two who's trying to figure out the scene, direct them to Race Bannon's *Learning the Ropes*. In the great slew of books being aimed at novices these days, this is the only one that decently fulfills the mission of being pansexual. The book is accurate, informative and pretty interesting. Bannon provides a road map to find yourself a place in the scene. As a novice, I would have found this book invaluable.

On a completely different note, Larry Townsend's reissue of the original *Leatherman's Handbook* deserves a place on your kinky shelf. No, it's not about women—Mr. Townsend seems puzzled by those strange, female types—but it is a *complete reprint* of the original 1971 book.

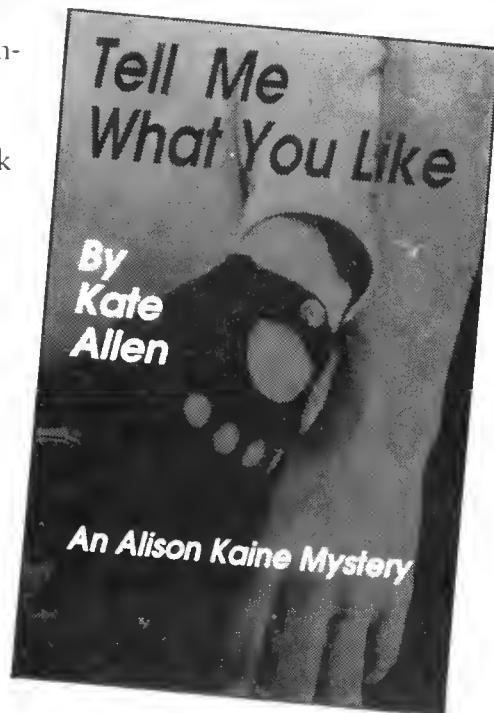


Too bad I can't say the same about Jay Wiseman's *S/M 101*. Ick, blah. Wiseman is condescending to bottoms and hysterical about anything he considers "edge play," like beatings that leave marks, breath control or breaking the skin

intentionally. He has only two paragraphs about how lesbians can find partners, and most of that is a rant about how nasty feminists are. Two thumbs down.

Also disappointing is Kate Allen's murder mystery involving leatherdykes getting killed, *Tell Me What You Like*. The plot is too thin and the characters too devoted to suddenly feeling the urge to explain their sexuality. That, and the fact that Allen asks us to believe that the Denver leatherdyke community is so large that it's supporting two female dominants who do only women, pushes the book too far. It's unfortunate, since I'm waiting for a mystery where the detective is a hot and self-accepting leatherdyke.

Sigh.



Finally, in the proud tradition of tooting the horns of the ones we love, Pat Califia's new book, *Melting Point*, is out. Go get it, it's incredibly smart and very, very hot.

So, that's it for this round. Tell me about the stuff that you read, and next time I'll give you Henri the Shopping Queen's tips for a kinky and affordable holiday scene and season.

Publication Info

Leatherwomen, an anthology edited by Laura Antoniou. Rosebud Books, published by Masquerade Books, 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017, \$4.95

Reissue of the original **Leatherman's Handbook**, by Larry Townsend. L.T. Publications, PO Box 302, Beverly Hills, CA 90213, \$11.95

Learning the Ropes, by Race Bannon. Daedalus Publishing Company, 4470-107 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 375, Los Angeles CA, 90027, \$14.95

S/M 101, by Jay Wiseman. PO Box 1261, Berkeley, CA 94701, \$24.95

Tell Me What You Like, by Kate Allen. New Victoria Publishers, Inc., PO Box 27, Norwich, VT 05055, \$9.95

Melting Point, by Pat Califia. Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton Street, Boston, MA 02118, \$9.95

Sisterhood is Powerful

photos by Michael Adrienne; models—Lizzard Amazon and Laura Sauria

Both of them
are bisexual,
kinky brats
with brains.
Each of them
 edits a 'zine.
They believe
that feminism
does not have to
be neutered or
sex-negative.



Lizzard and Laura are biological sisters. Most people's families reject them if they are sexually different, but Lizzard says, "We think it's important to support each other. We don't want to hide our sexuality."



Lizard likes big, juicy girls with tattoos who are nerdy, ambitious, and deserve to be arrogant.

They *have* to be sluts.

And they have to want a mommy!



Laura's from
Austin, Texas.



She has a
weakness for
little punk girls
with shaved
heads, lots of
piercings and
tattoos.

"I like to see the
shape of their
skulls, and I like
to rub my hands
through their
cute little fuzz."



Contributors' Notes

THE ORIGINAL description of **Lisa Bailes**'s task on the *Venus Inferis* staff was "humor, cultural maven, and Good Taste Czar." She is recruiting for a new psychotic relationship and owns more shoes than *anyone*.

JaMi C. is a voracious reader and a gourmet chef who works in print production. She's got a thing for girls in leather, and just knows you'll introduce yourself the next time she's out.

Pat Califia's new collection of short stories, *Melting Point*, is just out from Alyson Publications. She is currently working on *Doing It For Daddy*, a pansexual anthology of erotic fiction about many different kinds of daddy's girls and boys and father figures.

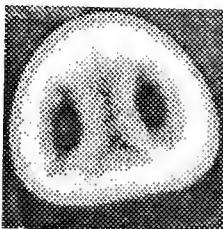
Emily Edwards likes hunter green hankies, proper sets of six and boys who say "bitte."

At this point, **Nicola Ginzler** thinks she'd rather rent a limo to take her to her heart's desire—all this galloping on little piggy feet is a bit tiring.

Michaela Grey, *International Ms. Naugahyde* 1993, enjoys training her willing stable of house plants and cruelly beating her carpet.

Aarona Griffin writes in order to be intimate with as many women as possible. Her first book, *Passage, an S/M Romance, and other stories*, is available from Rosebud Books, a division of Masquerade Books.

Sally Jacob looks up to her friend Nicola.



Ingin Kim is an animation artist in L.A. She is also editor of *Wacka Wacka*, a mutation of a 'zine by, for and about Asian Pacific lesbian and bisexual women.

Margot Lynn writes as herself but has been seen around San Francisco as Daddy's Boy, Marcus, Billy-boy, Ms. Lynn, Bob and Master.

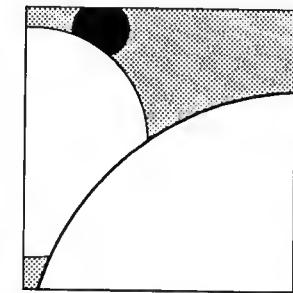
Michael Adrienne are a team who have been photographing erotic and other subjects, professionally and for themselves, for twenty years.

Terry Sapp, illustrator and uniform fetishist, professes a love for Twinkies and iguanas, but not necessarily in that order.

Susan Stewart is a photographer based in Vancouver, Canada. An exhibit of her work, entitled "Lovers and Warriors," opens on October 2, 1993 at Vancouver's *Or Gallery*.

Robin Sweeney is still fascinated by the glamorous world of publishing.

V



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There's a
FINE LINE
*between pleasure
 and pain.*

V

It just got
THICKER.

VENUS INFERS

Perverted Words and Images for Thinking Sluts

The horrible truth: *Venus Infers* is first and foremost a jerkoff magazine by and for S/M women.

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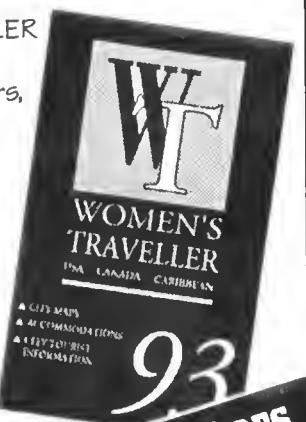
Another high priority: To reflect the diversities of race and ethnicity, age, physical ability and disability, class, body sizes and types, and political and spiritual beliefs that make our communities hum.

What you can do: If you don't see yourself reflected in our magazine, send us your work! If it gets us off or makes us think, we'll publish it. Our address is: *Venus Infers*, 2215-R Market Street, Suite 294, San Francisco, CA 94114. Send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope to receive our contributors' guidelines. If you have any questions, call Robin Sweeney at 415/333-1723.

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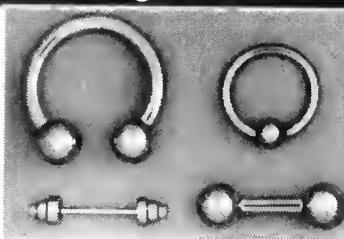
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Pussy Posse: The Classified Ads

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S/M parties for women

Wanna play? *Sluts for Sensation*, run by Pat Califia and Robin Sweeney, throws parties and other events for S/M women. Send an SASE to Pat Califia, 2215-R Market Street, Suite 261, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Master's Inn

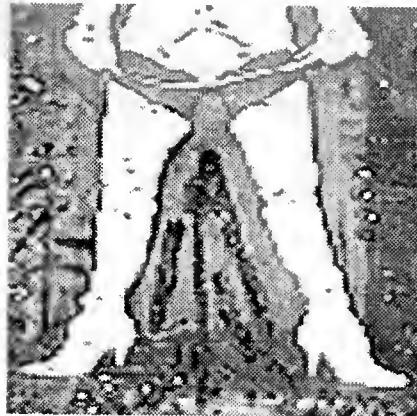
Pasadena, CA. 213/684-5811 or 213/460-2409. Women welcome. Bed and Breakfast with playspace, pool table, volleyball, sunbathing, breakfast on order, complimentary beverages and snacks, RV and bike parking. Twenty minutes to Silverlake and Hollywood. Transportation and tours available.

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Art by Sally Jacob and Nicola Ginzler

Gotta Get Me Some...

bed. Women only. Experience preferred, but we are novice-friendly. Reply VI Box 2.

It's a Boy Thing

Boy seeks other boys to bond and do bondage with. Boy's Club, Boy Scouts and Daddy Patrol all possibilities, as is your basic cock-sucking, ass-fucking, getting caught by the old man and getting-in-trouble kind of fun. VI Box 3.

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wants to expand my circle of play partners. I'm a butch top, occasional switch, looking for butch bottoms for the usual fun and games. Visitors and novices welcome. Sex too??? Negotiable, like all else. VI Box 4.

Submissive by Choice,

not by nature. Prove to me that you deserve it and I'll give you my back, my mouth, my cunt, my ass, and maybe my heart. Women only, dykes preferred, butches especially welcome. Reply to VI Box 5.

Can you make me cry and laugh at the same time?

Pretty party girl, femme bottom, thirty-something, with a sense of style and a nerdy inner child, craves a commanding hand linked to warmth, wit and brains for laughs, play and? Demand the best I have to give. Age, femme/butch identification unimportant. Personal integrity, sense of the ridiculous and a long leash essential. Write Boxholder (aren't puns grand?), 2040 Polk Street, Number 112, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Open Mind/Open Butt

You have 'em—I want 'em. We can even work on the second, if you have the first. You are over 21, any race, size or gender except straight male. I am 45, 5'6", 150#, size medium glove, lesbian. No speeders. Write: R. Liveoak, PO Box 2061, Richmond, CA 94802.

Come to my house,

have a nice dinner with me, then throw me to the floor, whip me, fuck me, and leave. Bi butch bottom, overworked professional, seeks occasional play partner. Have relationship already; want intelligent part-time top for hot, creative, sleazy fun. Reply VI Box 6.

Personals

Reptile

Iguana seeks whip-tailed lizards for wrestling, wild play and sitting on rocks. Non-poisonous plants a plus. No freaks. VI Box 1.

Two Demanding Tops Seek One Deserving Bottom

Voluptuous, predatory femme and sensitive, muscular butch are looking for a boytoy of our very own—to talk to, eat whipped cream suggestively at, throw around, cut with knives, whip, and fuck. If you're really yummy, maybe we'll let you sleep on the floor at the foot of our

To respond to a personal ad:

Put your reply in an envelope. • Write your return address in the upper left-hand corner and the *Venus Infers* box number in the bottom right-hand corner. • Put a stamp on it. We do not forward letters with insufficient postage. • Fold this envelope and put it into a second envelope. • Put your return address and a stamp on it. • Send it to *Venus Infers*, Classifieds, 2215-R Market Street, Suite 294, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Classified Ad Form

Venus *Infers* runs personal ads from women only! We request that men do not answer ads unless the woman placing the ad specifically says that men are welcome to respond. Personal ads are free for the first 50 words. If it's longer than that, send us \$10. Running the same ad in later issues is only \$5 an issue. For your protection and ours, we will not run ads that list a telephone number or street address. If you don't have a post office box or mail drop address, we will forward your mail for \$10. The mail forwarding fee is valid for 6 months after the last time your classified ad is printed. Please try to reply to everyone who answers your ad, even just to say "Thanks, but no thanks."

For-profit ventures may run commercial ads. They are \$10 for up to 50 words, and another \$10 for longer ads. You must include an address in your ad. Maximum ad length is 100 words.

Organizational ads are free for women's organizations. Please keep your ad under 50 words in length. For mixed groups or men's groups, ads are \$10 for up to 50 words, and another \$10 for more than 50 words up to the maximum of 100. You must include an address in your ad.

Copy must be received by November 15, 1993 for inclusion in the next issue.

Category: Women's Personals For-Profit Women's Organizations Mixed or Men's Organizations

Headline

Text

Word total:

Need more space? Please attach a sheet of paper to this coupon.

Please check all that apply:

- Personal ad under fifty words: free
- Commercial ad under fifty words: \$10
- Organizational ad under fifty words: \$10

- Personal ad over fifty words: \$10
- Commercial ad—fifty to one hundred words: \$20
- Organizational ad—fifty to one hundred words: \$20

Personal ads only: additional number of issues you want your ad to appear (after the first time) ____ x \$5 per insertion = ____

Total: \$

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